# Red Riding Hood

***EYFS points covered:***
***CLL: Listen with enjoyment and respond to stories.***
***PD: Mimic the wolf's movements i.e. creeping, running, leaping, skidding, cowering, slinking.***
***KUW: Investigate wintry weather in woodlands.***
***CD: Use for role-play.***

Rose put on her lovely red cloak, smoothing the soft velvet and pulling up the hood. She and granny had chosen this beautiful material at the market. Granny said it suited her name because it was red like a rose. Soon, granny had made it into this wonderful warm cloak. As it was winter, Rose wore it every day, and everyone began to call her little Red Riding Hood.

Downstairs, mummy had a basket ready for Red Riding Hood to take to her granny's. The smell of hot vegetable soup and freshly baked bread was delicious.

'Mmmm,' said Red Riding Hood. 'Granny will love that!'

'Yes,' said mummy, 'it isn't far to granny's if you go through the woods, so it will still be hot when you arrive. Daddy is out chopping wood at the moment, but he will join you for lunch. Don't dawdle on the way, and look out for the wolf. I've heard he has been prowling around lately.'

'I'll take care mummy!' said little Red Riding Hood, pulling on her wellingtons.

Outside, it was lovely winter's day. The snow glistened with sparkly bits like diamonds and her boots made wonderful crunchy noises as she trod on frozen ice. But suddenly, she saw a little patch of green where the snow had melted, and there, right in the middle, was a patch of snowdrops.

'Oh, 'she said, 'They are beautiful!' Granny loves snowdrops. I will take her some.'

As she stopped to pick the pretty little white flowers to put them in her basket, the smell of the hot food wafted through the pine trees to... THE BIG BAD WOLF!

'Mmmm,' said the wolf lifting his nose into the air to enjoy the delicious smell. Then he crept through the trees to see little Red Riding Hood picking the flowers.

'Ah!' he said. 'She must be taking that lovely food to the old lady who lives down the track. I will easily get there before her, because I can run very fast, and I know a short cut.' And off he ran.

When little Red Riding Hood arrived at the cottage, she knocked hard on the door, because she knew granny couldn't hear very well.

Immediately a very gruff voice said 'Come in!'

'That's strange,' thought little Red Riding Hood, I usually have to bang on the door several times before granny hears me.' But in she went.

Granny wasn't in the kitchen where she usually sat, so little Red Riding Hood climbed up the stairs to the bedroom, thinking that perhaps granny wasn't feeling very well.

But as soon as she peeped round the door, she knew that the person in the bed was not granny. It was the WOLF dressed in granny's nightdress!

'Oh no!' she thought. 'Where is my darling granny? What has the wolf done to her?'

But she was a brave girl and she thought she would keep the wolf talking until daddy arrived.

'Granny,' she said, 'what big ears you have!'

'All the better to hear you with!' snapped the wolf.

'And granny, what big eyes you have!' she said.

'All the better to see you with,' growled the wolf.

'And granny, what big teeth you have!' she said.

'All the better to eat you with,' snarled the wolf, and he suddenly leapt out of bed, and began to chase poor little Red Riding Hood all around the bedroom.

Round and round they went, then down the stairs, and through the kitchen. And all the time, Red Riding Hood was screaming, and the wolf was howling and gnashing his teeth.

But when they ran outside, there, holding a big axe, was Red Riding Hood's BIG daddy.

The wolf skidded to a halt, and cowered down on the ground whining.

'What do you think you are doing Mr Wolf?' said daddy in a deep, booming voice.

'I…….I…….I'm just going to……. pick some snowdrops!' squeaked the wolf, and slunk away on his tummy as fast as he could.

But where was granny?

Little Red Riding Hood and daddy looked everywhere.

And you will never guess where she was…

She was in the garden, building a snowman!

Brenda Williams is a children's author, poet and early years specialist, and a former primary school teacher, literacy coordinator and home school liaison advisor for first and middle school.



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